



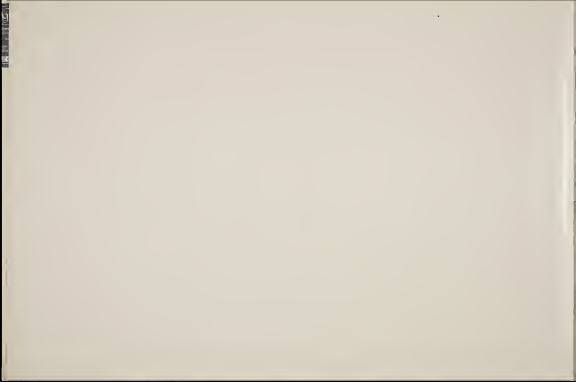
DRAWINGS

By

FREDERIC REMINGTON







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Concerning the Contents

SOME time ago I was speeding a driver for happy forenoon among those shops where guns, and fishing tackle, and tents, and all the various necessities of a Western holiday are found. My track is crowded, and against the columns of items on my list only a few checks had been made, when I reached "Groceries." Now, unless you have spent such forenoon and holiday yourself, the rest among the guns and fishing tackle may seem to raise questions of greater moment than any which could occur in the grocery shop. But this is not so. A man soon learns what weapons he prefers, and errors with his hand settled in advance, whereas, when it comes to evaporated vegetables, condensed soups, and pullets that can expand into a meal, just pause over each merely, and with divided purpose scrupulously choose and purchase until you are scarce more rambling than a woman. At least, such is my case, and having no intention to squander this forenoon, I had perused my supplies to avoid dissipation and temptation. Even while I was dreading here I reached the poultry rack, imagining that they were to be much jolied on the backs of horses, the shopman looked suddenly alert, and said this sounded like a tempting try. Yes, I told him in my elation, I was bound for the head waters of Wind River in Wyoming. Instantly the merchant fell from him, every trace of grocery left his expression, his eye beamed with eagerness, and he asked in the voice of one who gives the counterpane, "Have you ever been to Arizona?" and hearing that I had, "I served three weeks Creek!" he exclaimed. Then men of the North and the South came to his lips—San Carlos, San Simón, the Gila, the Chiricahua, the Tomo Bica, the forks of the Dolphin, Basso, Bulwell, Harney—he spoke of many familiar to me, and next we were hard at it, the old soldier and myself, exchanging reminiscences, gossiping in considerably among the dried prunes. Thus I wasted minutes that I could not spare, just lost nothing by it, my poultry were put up right. And when this ordeal was bygone, he watched me depart from the store door, and yelled, "I should like to see an old sport!"

Since that day I have gone back to him, not always to buy groceries, but just to pass the word, and this in the midst of my doubts as to compare up Arizona, or Idaho, or Wyoming. My journey through those regions have come after his time. I know none of his dangers and not many of his landmarks. But I too have seen Sumner and Winter in the Rocky Mountains, and the war rite, and have slept and marched on trails where he went once. Between us is established a kinship—both of us have been out there, both of us understood. It matters not that one was an *old man* and the other a *young man*, while the other is nothing but a voluntary pilgrim to the wilderness. Upon both alike lies the wilderness of its soul. Yes, we certainly understand.

And what is this spell? Scarcely magic, for I have met no dangers worthy of the name. Scarcely freedom, since the widest air can do no more what he pleases. Scarcely the immortal life and purity of that great air, which I feel, valued, but to which I can not remember hearing any trumpet alide. Neither will the splendor of Nature explain it, the singing voices, the transmutations of the sunset, the swimming oceans of color, rich, subtle, endless, the most unadorned in the more observed. Only the pilgrim takes those things. The chance for riches it certainly is not, the chance for crime. Crime and Fortune are there as everywhere, but the lost pocket-book is returned, what it would not be so a day, and you meet with few that are troubling about dollars. Bloody and subtle as death often is there, it is not the planned murder so much as the quick blow of personal vengeance, the primitive man dealing with his fellow as he justice he expects his fellow will deal with him. Finally, it is not adventure alone. Though roving sports have come to their own age the pilgrim, and with Indians and cattle driving have let loose the ferocious energy no man give room for, dreamers stared there too, many dreamers, and found happiness. In all of this I am speaking of the wilderness as it was once, and almost is no more. But you will find the dreamer still, now and then, riding alone from horizon to horizon, paddling open, sequenced rivers, hemming in great cabins, all of them escaped from social codes, resping the reward and paying the penalty in that awful silence. Far indeed the silence of that world seems to have come unbroken from behind Genesis, to have been earlier than the beginning, to make one with the plants, to have known nature, that terrible Being to a show. The little words of earth do not break it. In it the painted Indian walks naked, the ruin of its inventory. In it you can wake or sleep, and no man hinder. Whatever law there is, comes from the ground or falls from the stars. For the very living, life seems to mingle with the origin before the dust has assumed its form. That is the spell for trooper or for pilgrim. Four empires to engage, or one lone being has devised conventions that we may live together, but our unwise hearts crave the something that wisdom has renounced for us. Be mad of those you will meet in the wilderness, be they dream or dreamers, have followed the heart's desire and started back to Nature.

Ala, there is a lot in the West! It has directed many that have never returned. But if you wrench your yourself from it and encounter the fold of

evolution, and its respectable content will grow, for instance, your heart will remind you of *our there*, now and then, a word like *Owhee* or *Wind River* will give you a homesickness for the marvellous magic of the place.

Those happy ones who have known it meet *abroad* in that dreamy way which set the soldier and me talking like old acquaintances. And therefore I am going to show him these *drawings*, for every one will speak to him of *our there*. He will rejoice in their truth—indeed truth is a pale word—it is the vibrating thing itself which seems to rise out of those pages. Even to me they flush and thrum with life I have lived, and how much more to a man whose years preceded mine and who had dangers where I had none!

I have stood before many paintings of the West. Paintings of siouxmen, paintings of buffaloes, paintings of Indians—the whole inspiring and heroic pageant of our American soil, the only greatly remains, during our generation has known, the last greatly authentic thing our Continent holds, indeed the poetic episode most deeply native that we possess. Long before my eyes looked upon its beautiful domain, I studied the paintings, but when Remington came with only a pencil, I forgot the rest! And now I have seen for myself, and know how he has caught alive not only the rapid life, or the tramp cook sucking his comfortable corn-cob, the day-by-day face of the wilderness, but the eternal note also, the joy and the awe of that epic life. He has made them visible by his art, and set them down as a national treasure. Look at the Pony War Dance. That wild fury of religion, that splendor of savagery clothes down to us from the Stone Age. If you will open the Old Testament where Joshua delayed the course of the sun, or they blew down a city wall with a trumpet, you will come upon the same spirit. Look at the Mohai-senon and the lightning. Again man's untamed original soul communes with a God of vengeance and terror. Is it not like Elijah and the fire-stroke from heaven upon the altar? Then turn to the Sheep-herder's breakfast. Unless you have known that solitude, no words of mine can tell you how Remington has been a poet here. With some lines and answers on paper he has expressed that lone mastery of the wilderness. He has taken a ragged vagrant with a frying-pan and connected him with the eternal. The dog, the pack-mule, the us, the *thin* sheep in the plain, those tender outlines of bluff and ridge—it is a Homer or the Old Testament again; time and the present world have no part here!

Perhaps you do not value all this as I do. Perhaps the sunny side shuts you from the rest, and you shrink from the brutality of man and the suffering of beast. I have heard people speak thus sometimes, and give thanks for their books, and their bathrooms, for the open, and for Europe where they can travel in a landscape seasoned by history. Well, Europe is richer, much richer, than any desert, and it is toward its use and comprehension, on the whole, that our struggling fires are set. Our fond, quick-ridden Republic looks after all, toward the old world for its teaching. But we have a landscape seasoned by misery, where chaff and heroes move, fit subjects for the poet. If you do not see this, perhaps you are too near. Let me ask you to think of the bloody slaughter in Homer, and of all the great art you know from him to the present day, has not the terrible on shore of none? Doubtless you would have stopped Homer's meeting to you how bodies were hacked to pieces beneath the walls of Troy, and how swains were sometimes the companions of Ulysses. But now you read it all with pleasure. Do you believe Art would have amounted to much if it had excluded pain and ugliness and narrowed its gaze upon the beautiful alone?

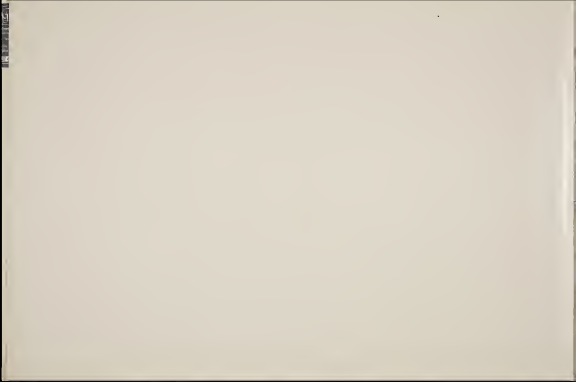
At any rate I am glad that we have Remington, one of the kind that makes us aware of things we could not have seen for ourselves. We have been scarce enough in native material for Art to let go what she and she pretends at. We have often failed to value what the intelligent foreigner sees upon it all. And I think as the Frontier recedes into tradition, fewer of us will shrink from its details. If Remington did nothing farther, already he has achieved. He has made a page of American history his own.

OWEN WINTER.

DRAWINGS

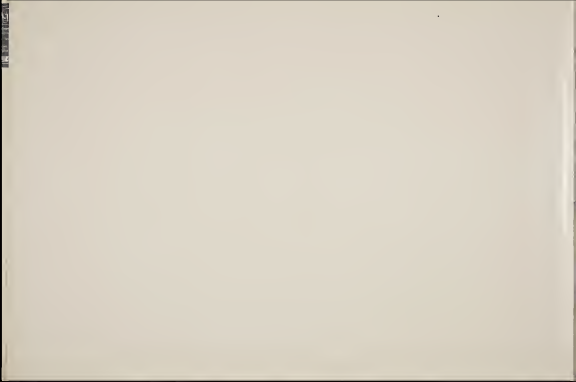


Troops' Fight on the Republican River, 1868—The Charge of Roman's Troop



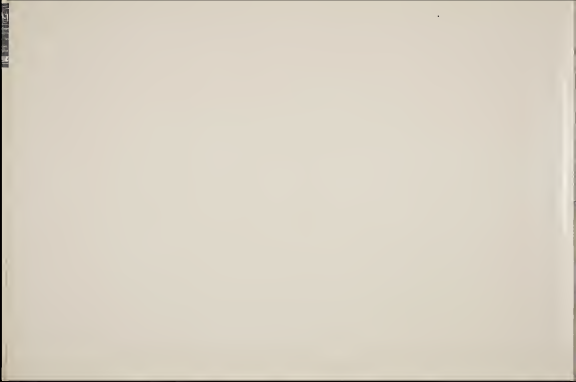


Men and Mules - 1900



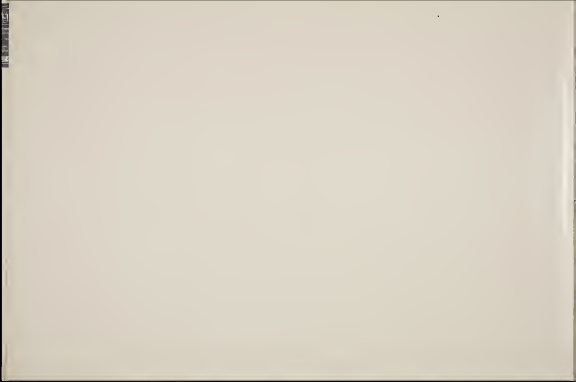


The 'Vere' men and the Medicine Man



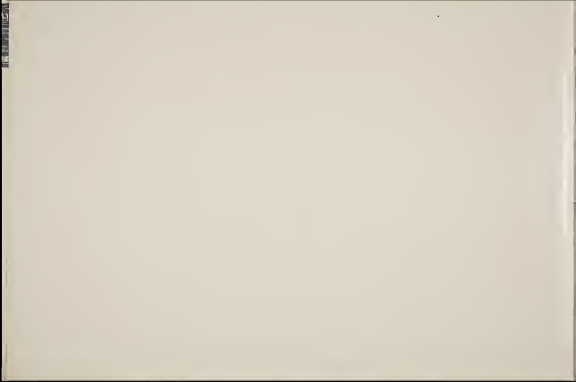


Hunting a Bison 1890—1891

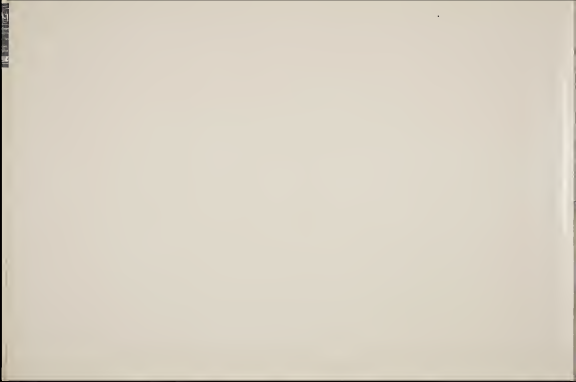




THE WOLF AND THE TIPIS

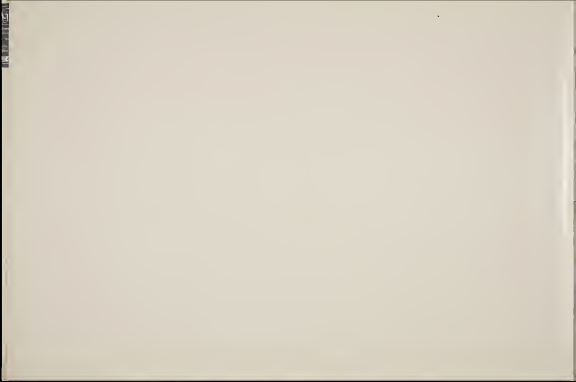




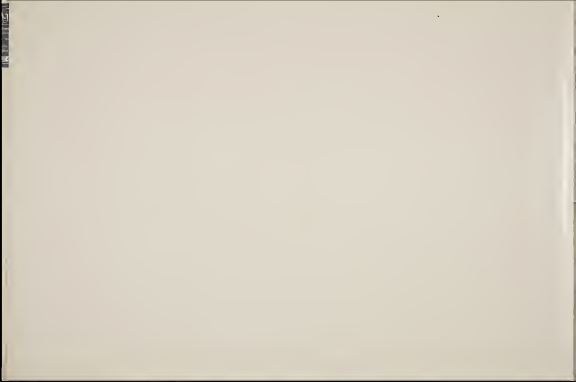




When His Heart is Full

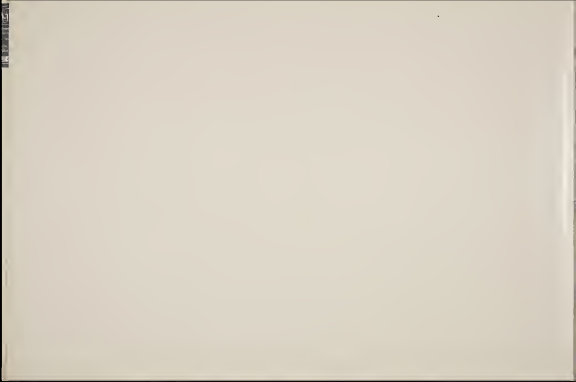






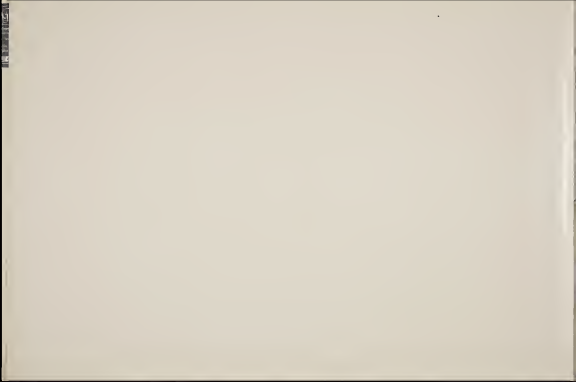


ON THE NIGER RIVER



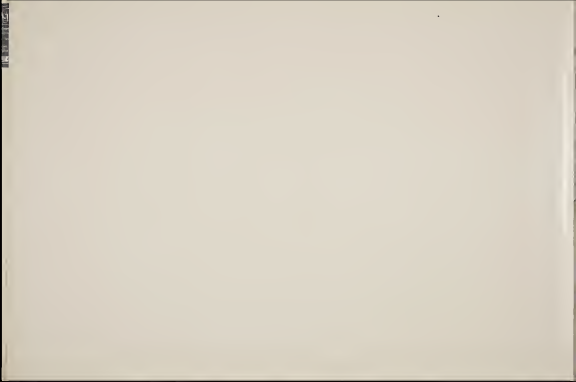


The Sheep Herder's Daughter



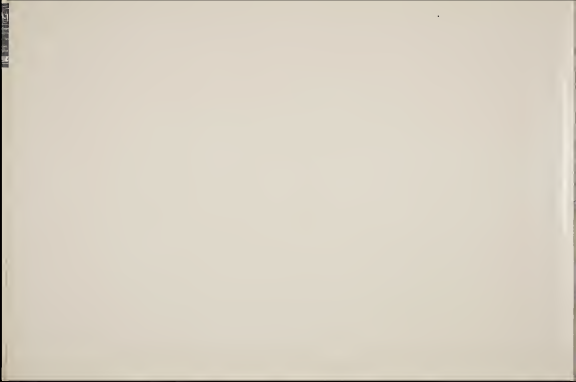


The Gold Pigs



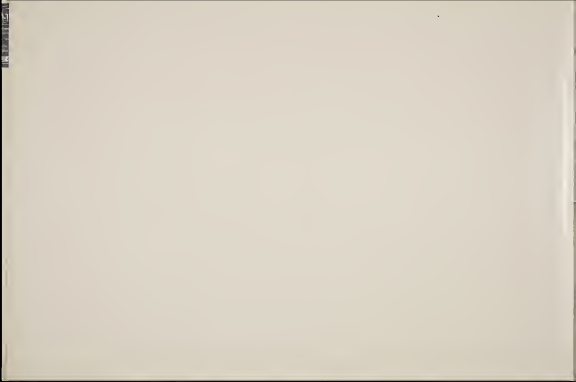


At Overland Station - Indians Coming, in with the Stage



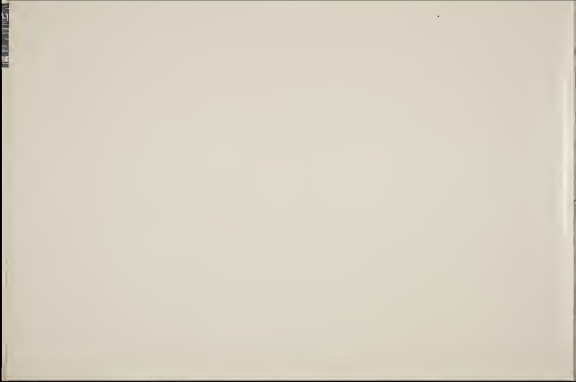


The Well in the Desert

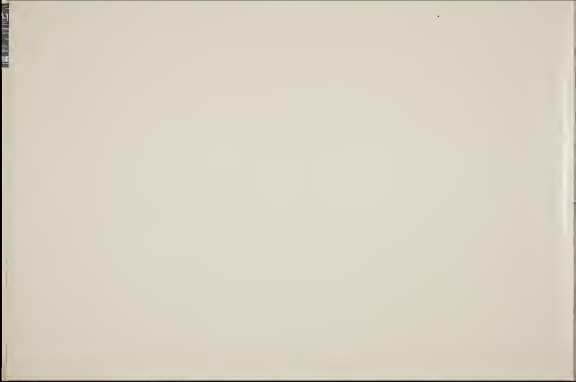




Old Buckskin of the Silver Tribe

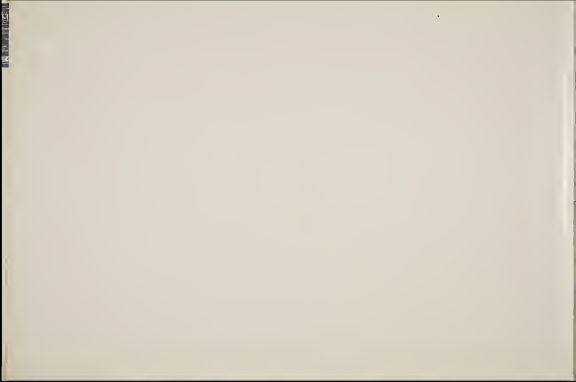






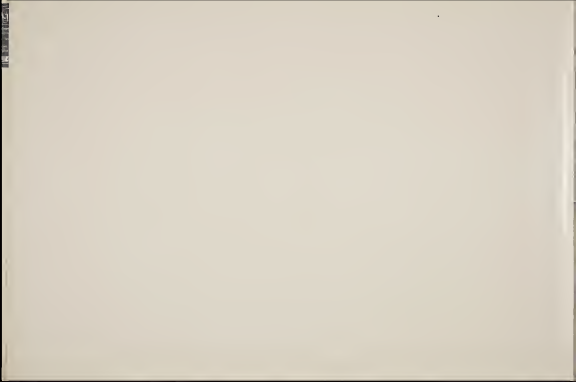


A. L. C. ... P. ... T. ...



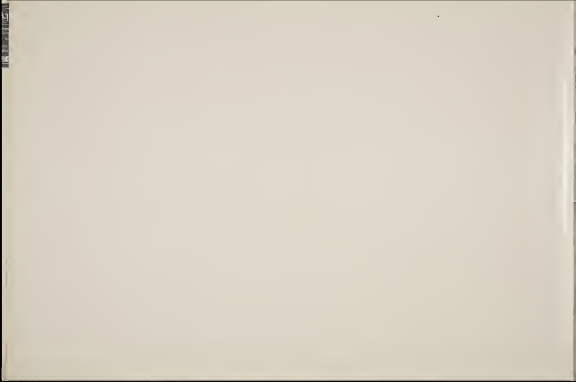


The 1st Regt.



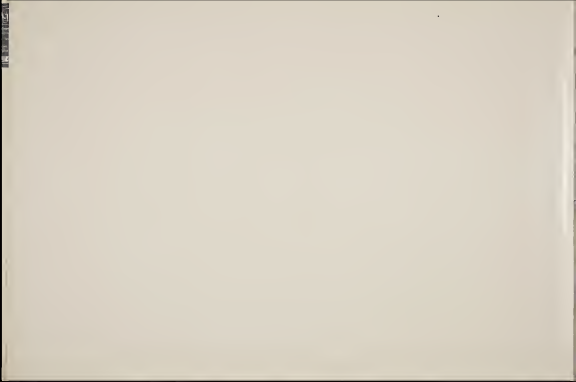


THE WAR DANCE



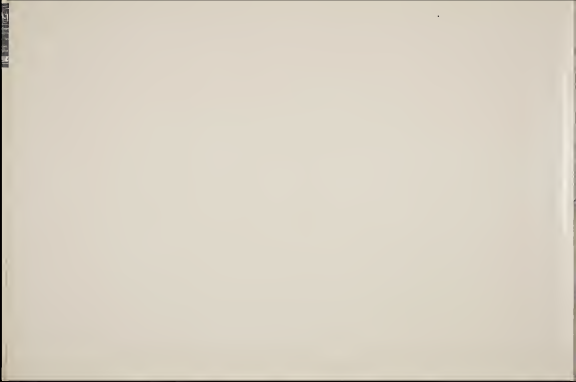


The Young Men



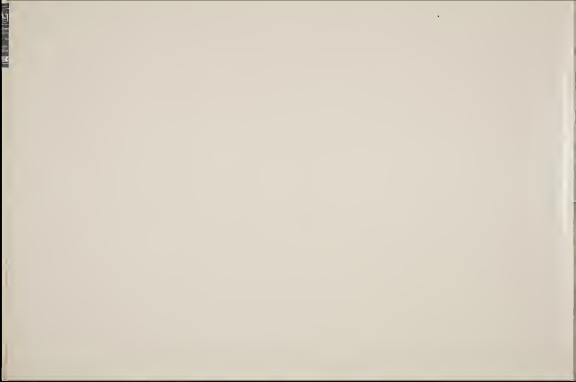


The Devil Song





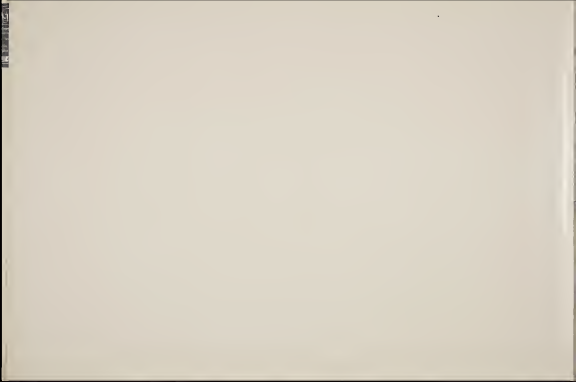
Travelling a Dog's Trail





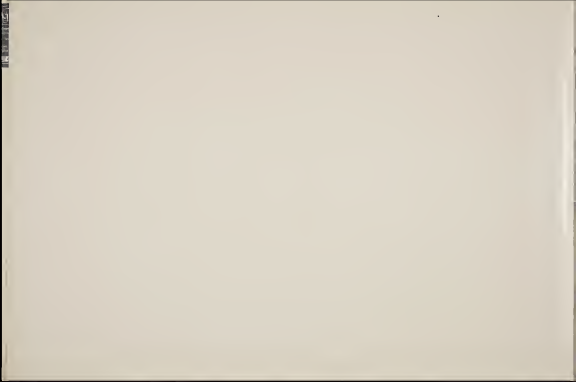
Desert, Nov. 3, 1900

The Water in Arica



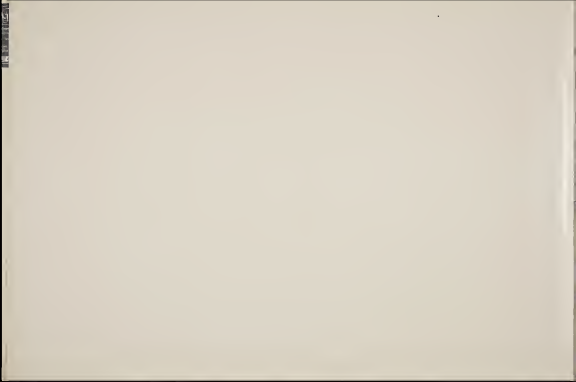


Laramie & Snake—Twilight



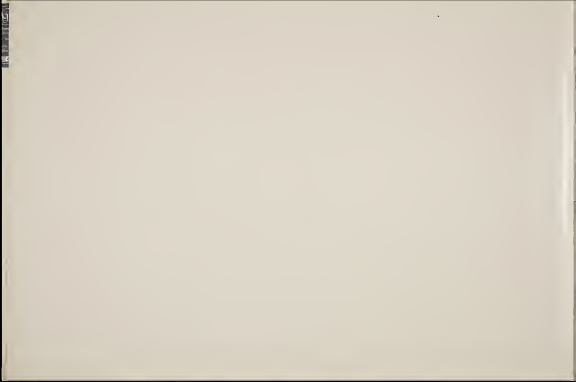


John S. Sargent





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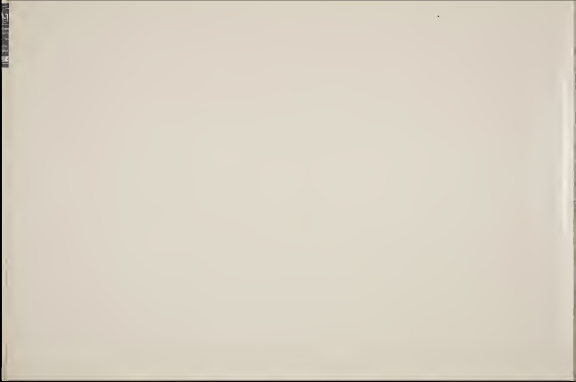
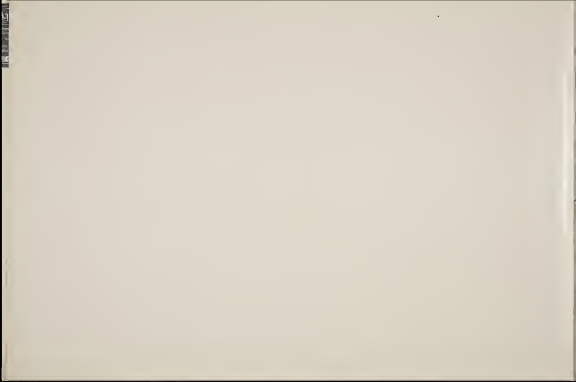


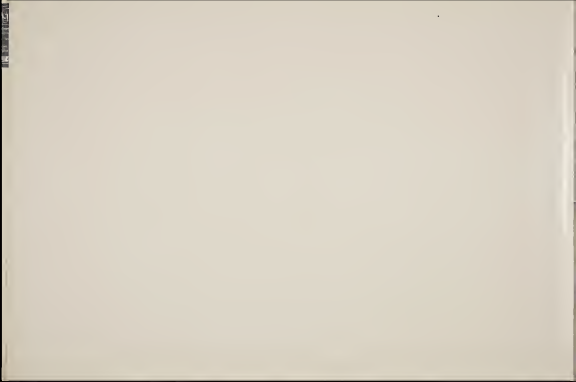


Illustration of a Native American

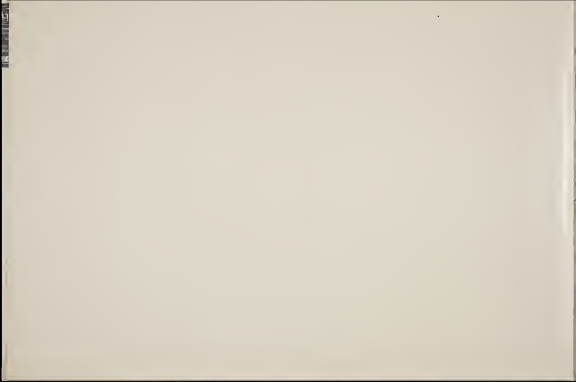




Shaving the Demands of Justice. The Head

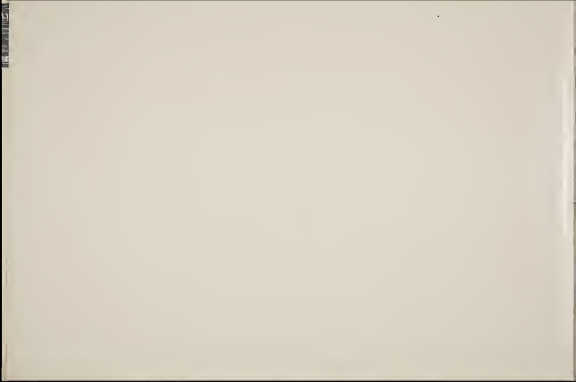






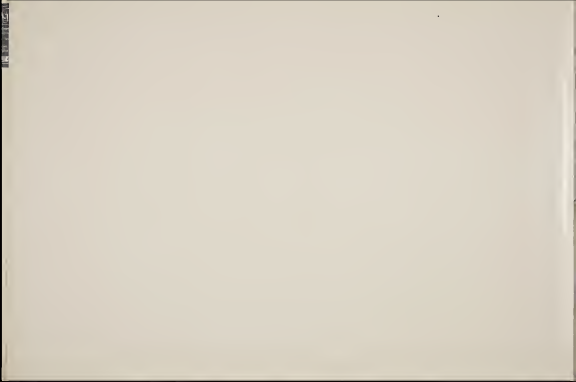


The Cowboys



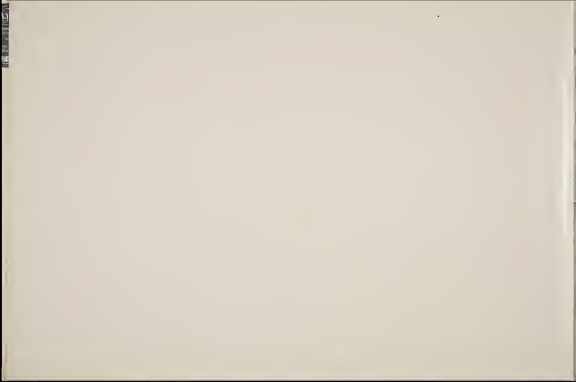


Looking Over the Ridge



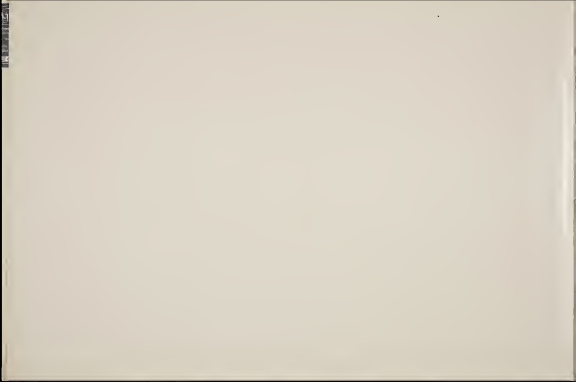


Western Cowboys Breaking a Horse



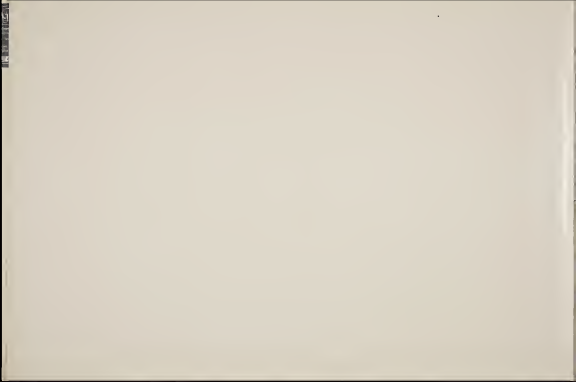


W. H. L. & Co. N.Y.



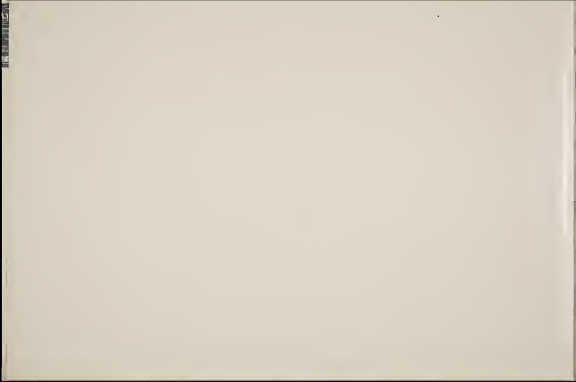


A Running Buck



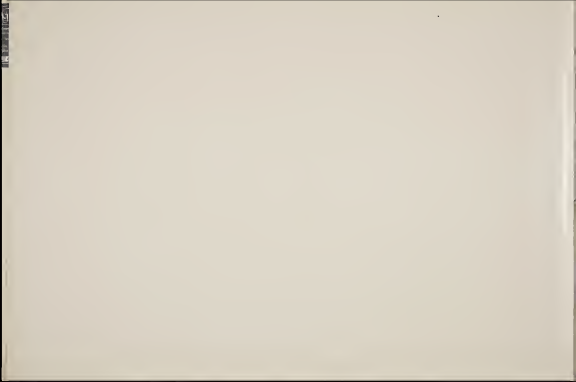


Reining the Range—G. M. C.



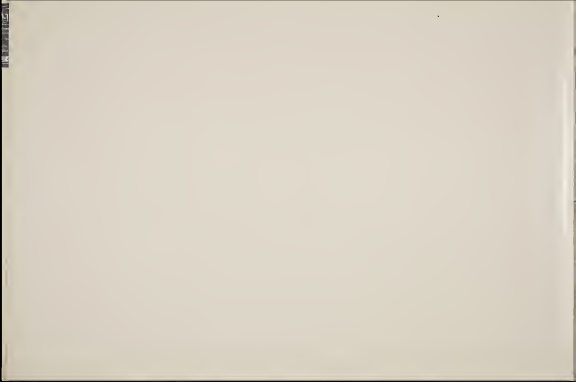


See a Indian on the North of Top.



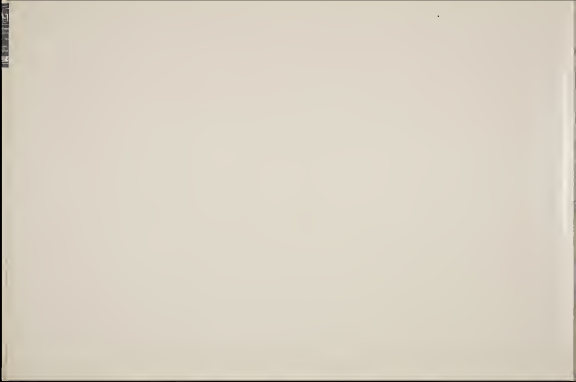


See Fern, Indian

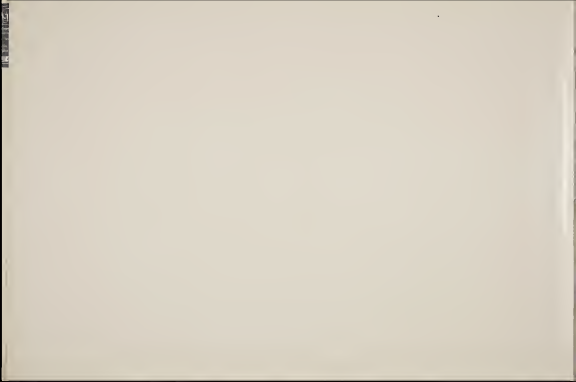




A CHIEF, WARRIOR

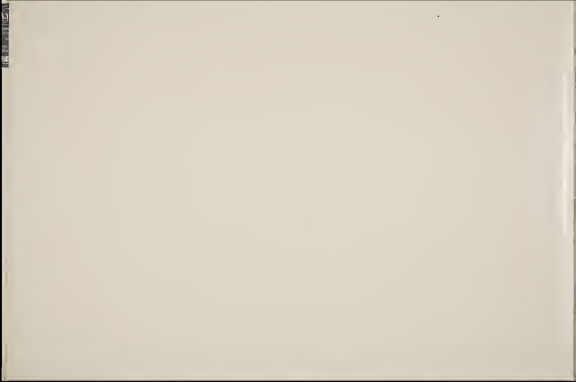






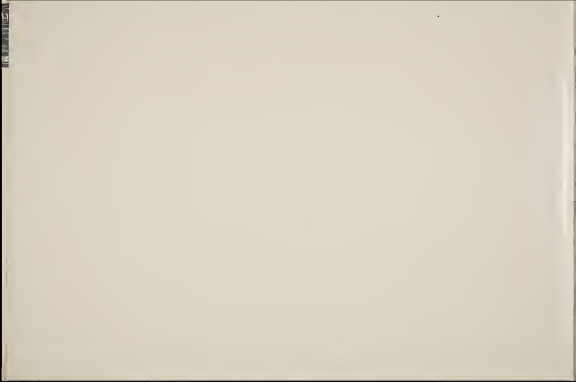


A Captain of Industry in Field Bag



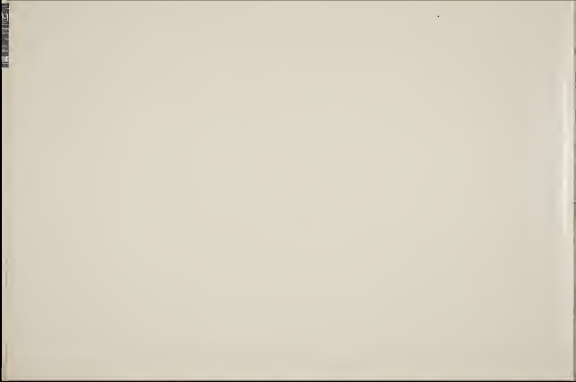


A. H. H. H. H.



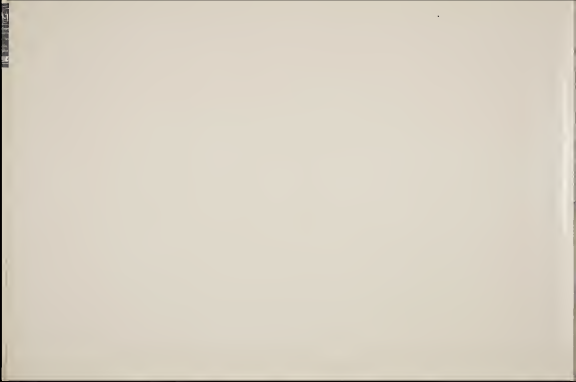


Caravan in the Desert



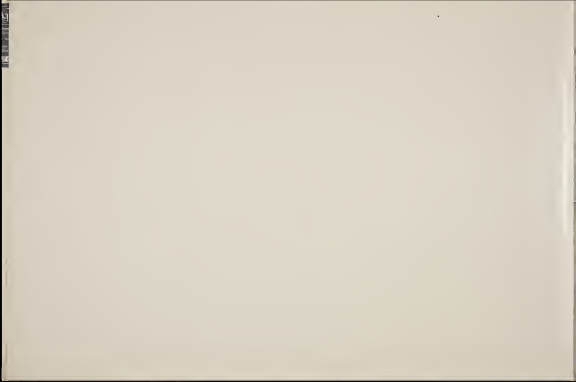


Two Men in a Desert Camp. Illustration by John Remington.

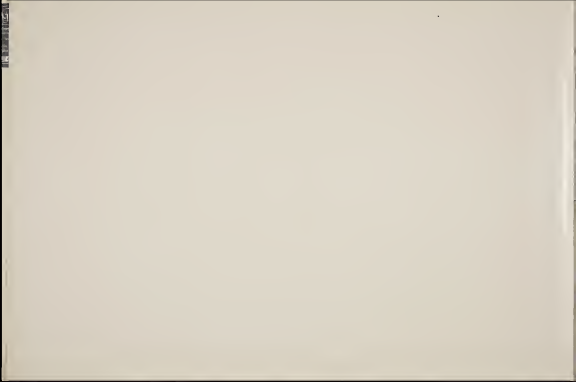




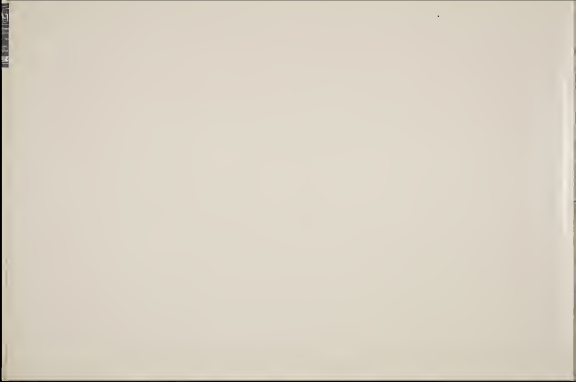
J.M.W. Turner







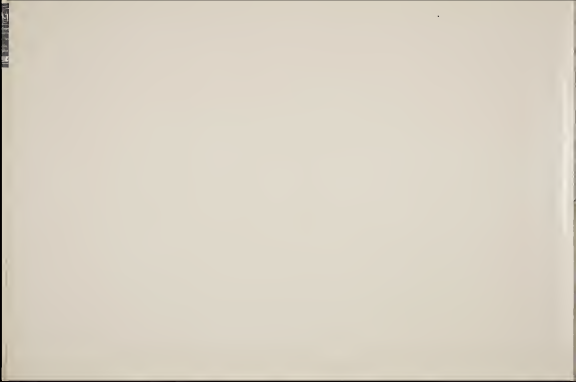






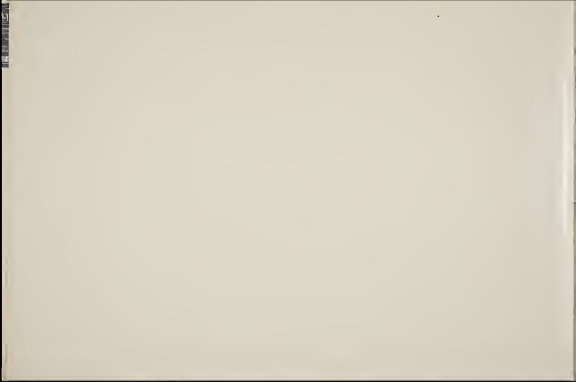
16.
Fisher's Pronghorn

Cowboy, Leading Calf



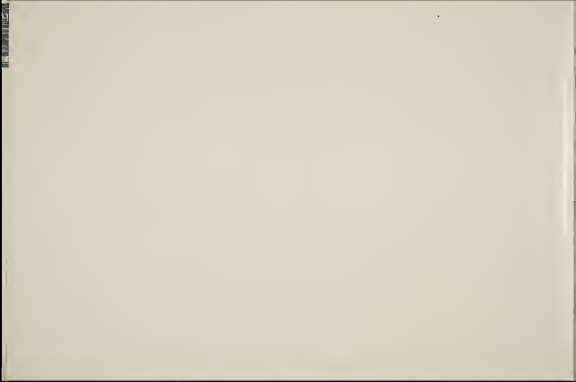


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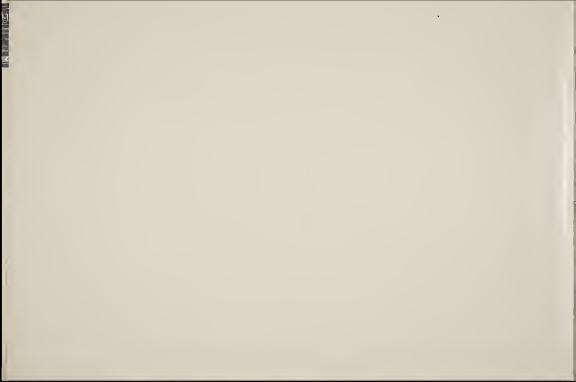


The Cowboy with Water



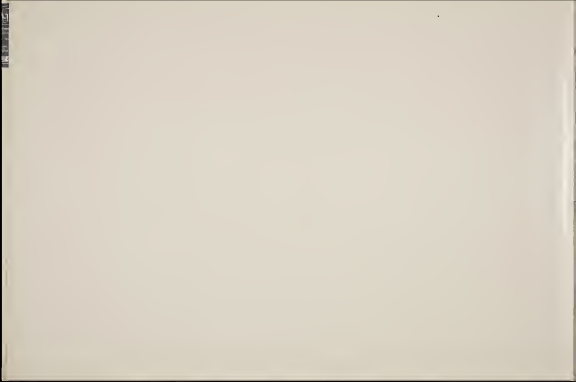


A Gentle Horse's Leap



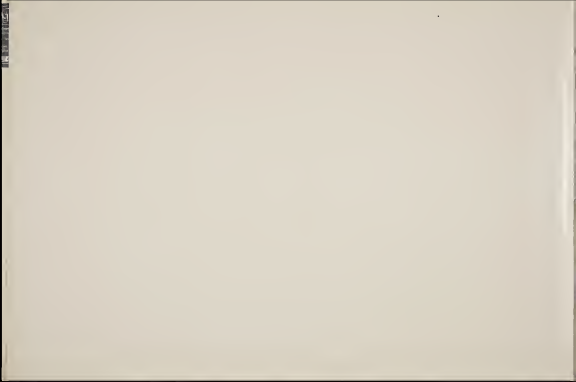


Two Men, Scott's & Dodge



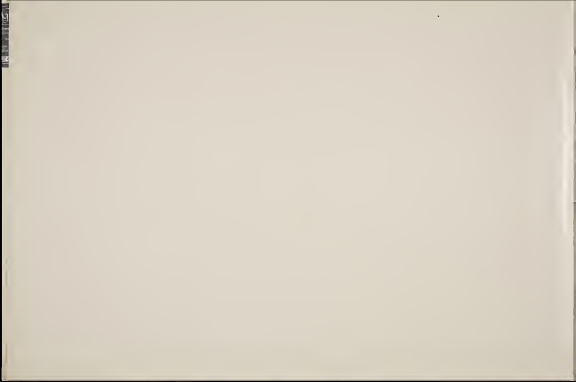


High Finance at the Cross-Broads



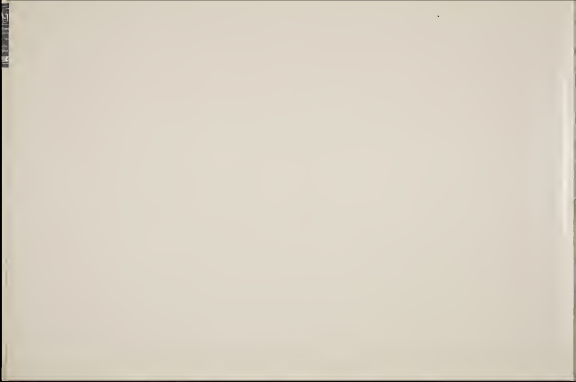


Sioux Indian Men



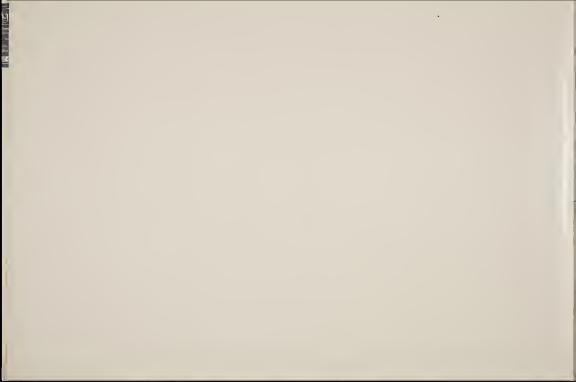


The Soldier

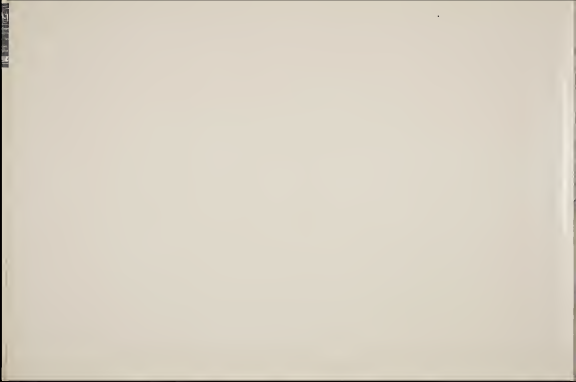




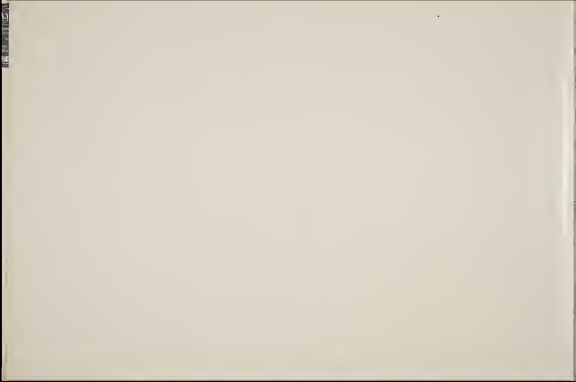
The Square Feet





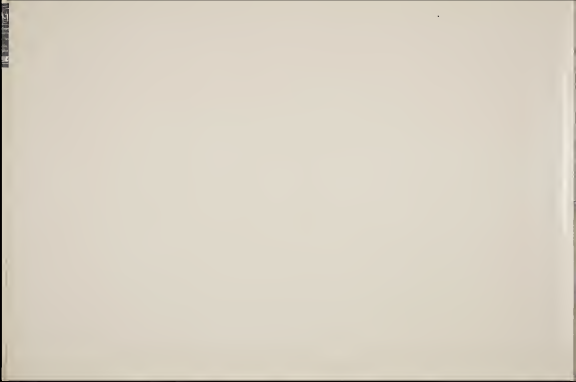






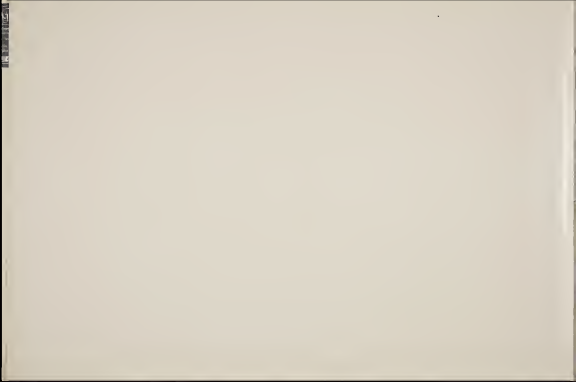


L. N. Carter, Officer on Campaign.



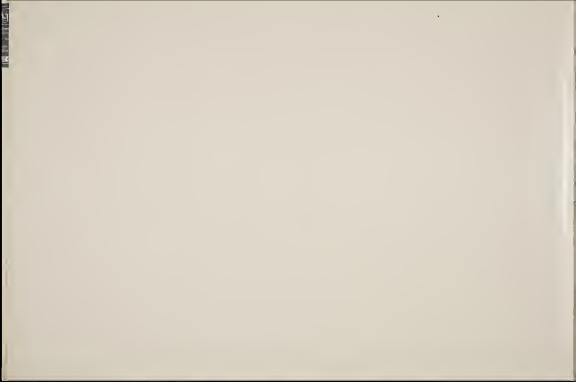


A Kootenai Indian





Siberia





The Plowman at Rest



